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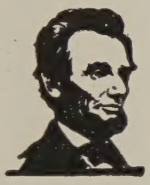
FEBRUARY, 1948

# The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



## The Emancipation Group

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Amidst thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

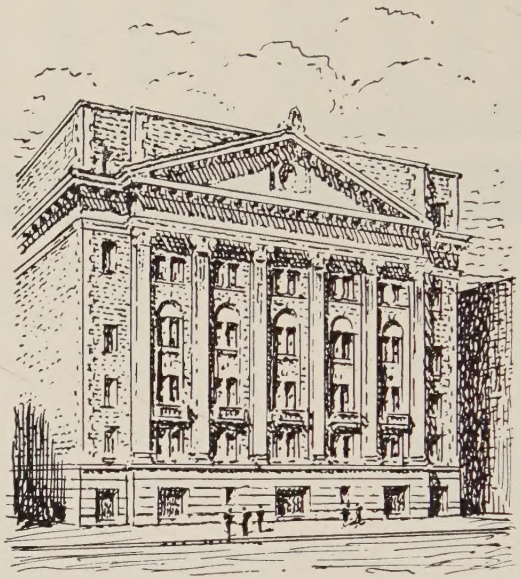
Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave;
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word
He spake was not his own;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone.

O symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above!
Bear witness to the cost and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong.

*(From Wagenknecht's "Abraham Lincoln")*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

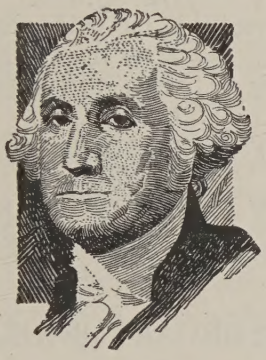
# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

*Volume XXIV* **February, 1948** *Number 11*

## The Great Virginian

Never to see a nation born, hath been given to mortal
man,
Unless to those who on that summer morn
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotions rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang as from its womb,
Nebulous at first, but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that makes us what we are.

James Russell Lowell

*(From Thomas Curtis Clark's*
*"Poems for Special Days and Occasions")*

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.**

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) . . . 11:00 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) . . . . . 7:30 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL in Anderson Hall . . . . . 9:30 a.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES . . . . . 8:00 p.m.

* * *

## BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES FOR FEBRUARY

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1—DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Prophet in the Wilderness

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8—WAS LINCOLN A CHRISTIAN?

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15—WAS THOMAS PAINE AN ATHEIST?

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22—WASHINGTON—A COUNTRY'S FATHER

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 29—GANDHI—CONQUEROR WITHOUT A SWORD

* * *

## FEBRUARY BOOKS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4—SOMETHING TO LIVE BY—Kopplin

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11—LINCOLN TALKS—Hertz. A Biography in Anecdote

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18—THE GREAT REHEARSAL—Van Doren

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25—PATRICK HENRY—Axelrod. The Voice of Freedom

* * *

## HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—Every Night, Monday through Friday, 6 p.m.
WJJD—Every Sunday from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

* * *

## CHURCH PUBLICATIONS

"THE LIBERALIST"—a monthly magazine, published the first of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, $1; single copies, 15c.

"THE DIAL"—a monthly church paper, published the fifteenth of each month. Twelve-months' subscription, 50c; single copies 5c.

# "SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago**

**December 14, 1947**

I THINK I share with all of you who are present in the Church this morning, and all who have listened to our service thus far, a feeling that after having listened to the song just given so beautifully by our choir, we might well dispense with the sermon entirely. It would seem that the intangible influences of one of the deepest mysteries of life are revealed more adequately, effectively and beautifully in the universality of music than any spoken words by anyone. Words seem to have limitations, and even though words have been used by the great artists of imagery and creative speech, both written and spoken, down through the ages, still they are unable to encompass the full scope of life's deepest and most beautiful meanings. Those influences are not spoken, they are experienced; something which is vitally a part of our deepest spiritual selves, the mystery, the sweet mystery of life.

Each one of us comes into this world without being consulted. We have no control whatever over our origin. We were picked out of the cosmos, some maintain by some direct objective of Creative power, others maintain that it is purely an accidental phenomena of the same cosmos, but whatever it is, you and I did not choose our origin. Not a person here, listening, or anywhere, chose their nationality, their color, their race, the place where they were to be born, the circumstances under which they were to meet life—we had nothing to do with it, nothing, nothing. We just became. And all those who retain their right minds and a normality of life, will have nothing to do with their leaving of life. Our entrance into life, our exit from life, are both out of our hands.

We are individual identities afloat in a great cosmos, and yet at the beginning we would have all perished if loving hands and loving hearts had not been there. The most helpless thing in all this wide, wide world is a little human baby. Helpless, utterly helpless, and that little bundle of life would strange under its own life cord if someone was not there. And no one of us has any consciousness of it, no awareness. The most highly developed intellectual mind, the most creative, the most penetrating, the most philosophical mind has no memory of birth. None. You and I, in that hour of origin, were helpless, but love was there, skill was there, someone wanted us to live, someone breathed life. Someone said, "Don't let my baby die, I want it to live," and we lived thru a moment over which we had no control, and with which we had nothing to do—the mystery of life.

Millions of half cells, and out of all the millions and the millions two half cells find each other and a soul is born. That's what happens. Out of all the resources of creative life is the miracle of birth. Ah, let me say this reverently, as reverently as I can choose words. I cannot find myself entering with any enthusiasm into arguments and discussions about a virgin birth. Reverently may I say, all births to me are divine, and I shall refuse to be disturbed by theological arguments of a virgin birth until someone explains to

me the mystery of a natural birth. A natural birth is as mysterious, as God-like, as divine as a virgin birth, and I pause in the solemnity of that statement to try to make us see the profound truth: all birth is divine, and every woman is a virgin.

Back of the solemnity of that which shatters much of our sophomoric thinking on the problem of birth is a great and beautiful truth: Every child is a child of God, every mother is a Madonna, and out from all the creative potentiality of a universe we find the miracle of birth bringing you and me into a plane of consciousness, and then life, LIFE, and from the first little natural cry of little lungs, that know no breath until the impact of the new world in which that little baby is to live causes the first breath of air to enter those lungs, until that equally great moment when that breath leaves, which people call "death"—from the moment of birth to that moment of death, mystery, MYSTERY EVERYWHERE. Great hearts and great minds have paused to look with reflection and interpretation upon the whole life process, as we see it from the seed into a flower and ripened grain, as we see it in the agonizing indescribable and unutterable emanations from the eyes of a wounded soul, from the time we see it in the tear-stained faces of unremembered love, from the time we see it in the scars that bedeck the countenances of those who knew hope, beauty and loveliness, and have been deepened and chiseled by sin and failure, straight thru these years—we find MYSTERY, until the poet Tennyson could utter these immortal words:

"Little flower, in the crannied wall,
If I could understand what you are all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Mystery of life!

Is it any wonder that in man's effort to rationalize the universe, of which he is a part, he finally comes to a stone wall with a question mark on it? Well, he always does, and you and I can begin with any group of philosophers, and stop on any page of human history anywhere, and after the mightiest intellects and the greatest logicians, the best scholars, the noblest classicists have all developed their reasoning, their analyzing, their hypotheses, to the farthest point, they have found a question mark.

One of the greatest scientists, a great scientific mind, in these last few years has said: "We scientists go on and on and on from hypothesis to experimentation, from experimentation to verification, and then back and forth we go, but always at the end—the question mark!" Because that question mark is always there, need that create any despair in the heart and mind of man? No, because there is an explanation to the mystery of life; there is a penetration beyond the question mark which the sensitive, spiritual soul can experience, in spite of what the brutality of the materialistic world can do to one, in spite of the strain and pressure of the economic necessities of life, the necessity for food, clothing, a roof over our heads. However, as long as we have food, comfort, a satisfaction of the materialistic, the important truths are neglected, and men eat, drink, laugh and live as tho that were the fulfillment of life. Even to them there come moments of awakening. They will be stabbed by the conscience of God. There comes to every life a moment when the sweet mystery of life becomes such a dominating imperative that one is like a little child lost in the crowd. I saw one yesterday, screaming as it ran thru the crowded aisles of a great store, "Where is my mother?"

So the heart of man in the great crowded ways of the world's life with the marts of trade all about him everywhere, his ears attuned to the jingling of money, with all the pressure and all the objectivity, all the materialism of navies and bombs and guns, boundaries, soldiers and statesmen—the heart of man cries, "I want my mother!"

Sweet mystery of life—the need and depth of the human soul to find sustenance that nothing else in the world can give. No wonder man finds his altar. No wonder he cannot stand it to go thru life to the very end without something which suggests to him a higher altitude than he has ever known. The lights go out, bitterness comes, memory stalks, and unkindness and cruelty have done their worst, and all of the world has battered, pummeled, and pounded man into a jelly-like mass of blood and bone and hair, then man cries back to the childhood of the race, "I want my mother!"

I think we are going thru something like that before we are through now, I think that all the superficial aspect of life, all the emphases, all of the colossal waste of our finest energy in the things that do not matter, I think all of this emphasis on drink and food, gambling and lust, and the things that tear the soul of man apart are bringing man to the point where he is ready to cry like a little child, "I have lost my way! I cannot find my way!" There is no more agonizing glint in the eye of either beast or man than when they are lost. Nothing awakens my pity more, as I go about on the city's streets, as I did but recently, than to see a beautiful animal, someone's dog, with the chain snapped, and that bewildered animal trying to dodge traffic. You reach out your hand and it will turn away. Lost! To be astray on a city's street is tragedy supreme in all the animal world. Lost! A dog looking for someone it has loved and lost. That's tragedy.

Man, MAN, squandering, buying, building . . . man, MAN, pride, PRIDE, Bigness . . . Man, power, POWER . . . poor simple man, lost, LOST from someone that loved him. No wonder the poet-lyrist could write "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," for it is love and love alone that rules the world. If all this is true, and would you deny to me that it is true if you are really thoughtful about it—if LOVE is the answer, and if life has sweetness in its mystery, obviously, what ought we to do? What ought we to do?

*FIND LOVE AGAIN,* ought we not? If LOVE is the answer, and it is, what is behind the heartaches of the world, the fear of Russia, the ambitions of imperialism, racial hatreds, religious bigotry—what's the answer to it all? I know. It is so simple, perhaps that is what's the matter with it. Perhaps it is too simple. Perhaps it should be more complicated and expressed in terms of some form of dialectics, scientific connotations, or the phraseology of some profound philosophy. Perhaps it is too simple. Perhaps. I wonder at Christmas if it is too simple. I think, probably, that's the trouble—it is too simple, for the answer to the mystery and to the problem is just *LOVE,* beautiful, simple *LOVE.*

Why cannot we find that? What is the matter with this world today? Why don't we give it a chance anyhow? Love saved us, it keeps us; why, all that most of us are working for is because we love somebody. We love humanity, we love someone deeply and dearly so we work and plan and sacrifice. That is what some of you have been building on all the year. Some little heart will leap with joy, or a smile of benign benediction, kind and beautiful, will go across the face of some old person you love, an old father, mother. LOVE!

Why, that's what it is all about finally. It is not about anything else except that, and yet we lose the way!

Now, may I call your attention to someone who I think will help you find the way? And this is very simple too. I am not interested in your theology, I don't care about that; I am not interested in what label you are wearing, it does not matter to me at all whether you are a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran, an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, I am not interested, it does not bother me at all, I don't think it is very important, *BUT CHRIST IS, AND THE WORLD!* Whether you are Jew or Gentile, Black or White, Christian or Atheist, the answer is to be found in the *LOVE OF CHRIST!* Pure, simple *LOVE!*

Have you ever been to the Forest Home Memorial Park at Glendale, California? Have you stood there and seen those acres and acres of beautiful green earth where lie the remembered dead? Have you stood outside of that lovely, beautiful, miniature Gothic Cathedral? If you were to stand there in the sunlight and beauty of some lingering afternoon, you would hear an organ, and the notes which that organ would be bringing to your soul would be the notes you have listened to today, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!" Then you would look up and you would see that great, beautiful, magnificent, startling, dramatic bit of sculpture in those heroic figures, a beautiful, living, breathing figure, the genius of sculpture, beginning with the little baby until you go through the whole series and find at the end an old man sitting alone. It took many years to make them, it is called "The Mystery of Life —Birth and Death." Then you enter the chapel, and if you will enter as the sun is slipping down into the western ocean, you will see there a replica that took seven years to make in far-off Italy, a replica of Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." Exquisite, one of the loveliest bits of glass in the western continent.

As you look at Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper," the glow where this beautiful bit of mosaic is placed lights up the whole group of the thirteen figures in the mosaic, and then the sun goes to rest slowly and the outside figures darken and you stand and watch, watch one by one the shadows take out the figures until in a last beautiful glow of indescribable beauty all the sunset seems to center on the face of the Christ, the last figure, and his face is aglow. "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" answered in the glowing face of the Christ.

## 3 RULES FOR HAPPINESS

The first rule is to commit something to memory every day, something good.

The second rule is to look for something lovely every day—a leaf, a flower, a cloud.

The third rule is to do something for somebody every day.

*—Alice Freeman Palmer*

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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# EDITORIAL

SOMETIMES I feel almost breathless at the amount of money and the amount of energy put into radio and radio programs that, when they are finished, leave people not one whit nearer a solution of their problems or with any fortification for themselves to face life stronger and finer. What a pity that with people who have the opportunity of radio and the money to spend in this great field, the people are not given more that they can anchor to and hold onto and which will lift them. If there ever was a time when we needed courageous, helpful, creative voices, it is now; and we aren't getting more of them, we are getting less. There is a definite responsibility which radio and the press, the pulpit, the platform and the lecture hall all have these days, and it is a responsibility that ought not to be neglected. Why more people cannot see it, I do not know. What do you think about it? Do you think I am wrong? The very basis of overcoming fear is to acquire and develop a great faith. If we lose that, we are sunk. Any influence which can be used to create faith in the hearts of people is one that cannot be neglected now, except to our own peril.

Faith, that's the word. And yet there is more insecurity, lack of confidence all along the line than I have ever known; an almost universal belief that we cannot prevent another war; that inflation is inevitable; and that the world is going from bad to worse; and that we haven't the potentiality to do anything about it; and so we just accept things, shrug our shoulders and say, "Well, there is nothing that can be done." When a person or a nation says "There is nothing to be done," that's the finish. When we reach that low ebb, disaster is just around the corner. The whole subject of fear, as those who study the situation are agreed, can be put into three divisions: The first is the fear of some imagined or anticipated evil that may come to pass. This kind of fear is better known as worry or anxiety. We all know that fear. Most of us face it daily. I knew a woman whose husband was in the army. He left her with three small children under five years of age and a mother who was helpless, and there were no other relatives. If there was any person I ever

met who had occasion to worry and imagine what might happen, this was the woman, but I never saw her when she was not courageous and, in the vernacular, "taking it on the chin." I said to her one day, quite frankly, "Have you thought about what would happen if he doesn't come home from the war?" Quick as a flash she replied, "That is something over which I have no control. That's a bridge I shall cross if I come to it. Until then I shall live in the constant faith that he is coming back." That's the way she faced the question: a constant faith that he was coming back. That's the spirit I mean.

Then there is the other kind of fear: when there is something that is really dangerous and threatens everything and over which we seem to have no control. Notice I use the word *seem* to have no control; and that's the key to overcoming that fear. We may seem to have no control but we must remember that we do have. There is something which can be done if we find that something; and the other type is the fear that we have, that what we do do about a situation will make no difference. What we do do, *will* make a difference. And most of us can do much more than we think or realize. There are millions of us who are dominated by these fears, and most of us are fearful of something which doesn't really exist, and if it does exist, there is something which can be done about it. The realizing that we can do something about it has its foundation in a great faith. I do not know as I would want to live if I lost that faith in this kind of a world. If we had no control over our destiny as a nation or as individuals, then we would all be caught in an endless trap. That I do not believe; that I do not accept. I am not a fatalist; and though I had no control over my origin, and will have no control over my exit from this life, I have life! And in between the entrance and the exit, I live and you live, and there is nothing which can happen which has permanency and which is final. We can all begin where we are. We do not have to go back to yesterday nor the past. We need not permit those tyrants to control tomorrow. We can begin now and realize that within us there is a potential strength, and over all an available power, which can turn defeat into victory, failure into triumph, agony into happiness, and death into life. I wish I had the opportunity of writing this truth in letters of gold against the background of the sky, that every fearful, disillusioned, discouraged, frustrated life could read and take hope again.

Perhaps some of my listeners will remember the great Washington Gladden. In a moment of great challenge and discouragement, Washington Gladden wrote these words:

"When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt."

P.B.

# IT HAPPENED IN CHICAGO

(Re-printed from "Our Faith" published by the Unitarian Christian Committee, October, 1947).

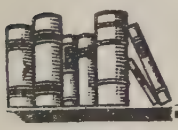
It happened in 1945. All the Unitarian churches of the Chicago area were asked to contribute to a joint fund for the purpose of promoting Unitarianism by means of a series of radio broadcasts. Many of the churches gave, in good faith.

But the radio programs, when presented, under the auspices of the Unitarian Council of Chicago, turned out to be little more than "humanist" broadcasts. Scripts were prepared by a humanist director of the series of broadcasts. One minister of a small church in the Chicago area confessed that he was very uneasy, and not at all sincere, when he had to read the script which was handed him for one of the broadcasts.

But the important revelation of the trend which has been diligently forwarded by a vigorous humanist minority came when Dr. Preston Bradley was asked to appear on the broadcasts. Other speakers spoke first. When it came Dr. Bradley's turn, this is what the listeners heard over their radio sets: "Well, I have a script here which I am supposed to read, but I am not going to read it because I do not believe it. Unitarians are Christians!" And from that point on, Dr. Bradley proceeded to give his own viewpoint, that Unitarianism represents liberal, rational, pure Christianity.

More power to Dr. Bradley! More power to every Unitarian minister, and every Unitarian who will dare to stand up and resist the organized attempt to make our Unitarian movement a secularistic, non-Christian, Godless movement! It is time that Unitarians began to be aware of what is going on. Through the leadership of too many of our denominational officials, our Unitarian movement is becoming identified with humanism!

What, gentle reader, do you propose to do about it? Harvey Swanson



# BOOK CHATS

THE first book which I shall bring to your attention was reviewed briefly by me on the radio last November 19 and later that same evening in a one hour lecture in The Peoples Church, at my regular Wednesday evening Book Lecture, at which time the author was present.

The book, "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," contains selections made by one of this country's most interesting personalities, Otto Eisenschiml, from the writings of Baltasar Grācian, a name that will probably be as unfamiliar to you as it was to me until I saw this book. Grācian lived some 300 years ago. He was a Spanish monk of the 17th century, and for fear some of you might get an idea that these selections from his writings made by Mr. Eisenschiml are ecclesiastical or theological in character, I must say immediately that they are nothing of the kind. The brilliant mind of Grācian compassed a wide variety of subjects wholly unrelated to his own ecclesiastical career. And of all his many writings, "The Art of Worldly Wisdom" has grown increasingly with the years in fame and importance. This collection of precepts

and, well, one might almost say maxims, has been translated many times, but as Mr. Eisenschiml has said, the unsystematic compiling by the first editor, which involved the outdated language of the original, has made the English versions not easy to follow. So Mr. Eisenschiml has not attempted a literal translation. He has condensed Grācian's observations and has simplified the phraseology so that it becomes delightful, easy reading, most interesting, vital, dynamic and modern.

Otto Eisenschiml, whom I have known for quite some time, and whom I esteem most highly, amazes me with his versatility, his ability, the variety of his interests, and his humanity. By profession he is a chemist, founder of a vegetable oil processing company. He has an enviable reputation as an administrator, and his organization is recognized as one of the most informal and amicable in the American Industrial World. He listens to all the suggestions and complaints and gathers his people about him at the breakfast table or lunch, where workers and management together talk in a friendly, informal and yet exhaustive way about their problems. If there were more of this kind of cooperation, there might be less turmoil in industrial relations. Apart from that, he is probably best known as one of the three or four authorities in this entire nation on Abraham Lincoln. He has written three books on Lincoln that have commanded the serious and thoughtful attention of all students of Lincoln everywhere. Perhaps you will recall them: The first was "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?" The second, "In the Shadow of Lincoln's Death," and the last one "The Case of A. L. —— Aged 56." These three books and the necessary research, study and observation which was required for their writing, made him the most reliable authority on the causes and events leading to Lincoln's death. This field alone is enough to occupy one man's efforts, and yet it is only one of his varied interests. In 1943 Otto Eisenschiml published his own autobiography, which is called "Without Fame," and I consider it one of the fine autobiographies in our language. And there has recently been reprinted as a Bantam Book, the book "Chicago Murders," which is a reconstruction of the city's seven most sensational homicides, and all written by Chicago writers. Vincent Starrett discusses "The Chicago Career of Dr. Cream"; Elizabeth Bullock, "The Rock Island Express Murder"; John Bartlow Martin, "The Case of H. H. Holmes"; Nellise Child, "Joseph Bolton", and LeRoy F. McHugh, "The Peacock Case." And included in this is "The Orpet-Lambert Case," which was written by Otto Eisenschiml. I must confess that this type of story does not interest me very much, but there are those who are interested in murder stories and mysteries, and I use it only as an illustration of the myriad character of Otto Eisenschiml's interests. Now, with the publication of this book, "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," Mr. Eisenschiml reveals to even his closest friends, a side of his nature and intellectual interests which was practically unknown to all but those who were the very nearest to him.

After reading "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," by Grācian, which was written, as I said a moment ago, over 300 years ago, and knowing Mr. Eisenschiml, I can easily understand why Grācian had such an appeal for him. They both have wit and the happy and delightful faculty of looking at the whole picture of life, rather than a segment and finding life good and interesting. This book will be an introduc-

tion to many, of what went on in the mind of a great Spanish priest philosopher who lived so long ago, and yet he seemed to anticipate modern conditions and modern life by his interpretation and observation. All this may sound rather difficult or heavy reading. I assure you it isn't. Quite the contrary. Otto Eisenschiml has taken the original text and modernized it without changing Grācian's timeless philosophy, but yet increasing its vitality and modernity by giving modern application and illustration. It is not easy in reading the book to tell where Grācian leaves off and Eisenschiml begins, but if you are interested in a book which you can pick up and open anywhere and read a paragraph or two and from it find a philosophy of life which will help and inspire, here is the book. I just opened it up haphazardly now, and I read these sentences: "Live in harmony with your time. Tastes change, and it is wise to conform to them, even though you may not approve. Against the many your lone vote is of no avail, but as a part of the crowd, you may be able to make your influence felt. Each generation must solve its own problems. Elders cannot control the destinies of their children. It is better for them to try understanding youth than to oppose its novel ways. Virtue alone is unaffected by changing times. To speak the truth and keep a promise was as modern in Biblical times as it is today —also as rare." Here is another: "Great men do not occupy their minds with small matters; they overlook minor shortcomings in their subordinates, trivial lapses of their friends, even little annoyances inflicted on them by their enemies. They know that mean thoughts ruin one's disposition, and that to be imbued with tolerance is to be fortified against the vexations of life. Great men build and have no time for meanness; neither do they concern themselves with unimportant work, which can be done by others of lesser size. Do not buy stock in a company whose president counts the postage stamps on the outgoing mail." And another paragraph on the opposite page: "Study your talents as carefully as if you were looking at them in a mirror, for to know yourself is the keystone to success. At times you may find it useful to fool others, but to fool yourself at any time is the most foolish thing you can do. Fortunate is the man who has tested his talents, and then finds a career into which he can fit them." And this final quotation: "It is better to be remembered with a sigh than with a yawn. A man once rushed up to Talleyrand in great excitement. 'Have you heard of the great event?' he cried. 'Napoleon has died.' 'That is no longer an event,' Talleyrand replied. 'It is merely news.' "

* * *

And now I want to tell you about, not one book, but a four-volume set of books called "TEN EVENTFUL YEARS." Those are the years from 1937 through 1946, and the account of those years has been written largely by persons who participated in the events described, and thus the account was completed while the events were still fresh in the contributors' minds. While the war was still under way, Walter Yust, editor in chief of the Britannica publications, began laying the groundwork for this record of a decade that he calls "in some ways the most significant decade in human history." In form, the four volumes are encyclopaedic, but in content, "Ten Eventful Years" is quite different from either the Encyclopaedia Britannica itself or Britannica's Book of the Year. A major difference is that the new publication contains articles of opinion, as well as of fact. Because of the prominence of so many of the contributors, Mr. Yust

recognized that their opinions and viewpoints are essentially historical source material. Among the contributors are 23 heads or former heads of states; authorities representing 40 nationalities; a cross-section of the top Allied military leadership in World War II; scientists, sociologists, philosophers, artists, authors and business executives. Eight hundred leading world figures are among the authors of entries in this new Britannica publication, which includes 1500 articles, and is illustrated by 1300 photographs, charts and maps.

The passages on the war itself by no means comprise the full number of entries in this set. Ten Eventful Years does contain one of the most authoritative synoptic accounts of the war itself yet written. The article on World War II is the joint work of 11 contributors, whose assignments were formed into a unified narrative by Britannica's editorial staff. In addition to this entry, there are numerous other articles dealing with details of combat —for example, submarine warfare, tactics, strategy, and several articles on the individual nations that participated in the war. In addition trends in business and in public opinion, popular foibles and fantasies, political maneuvers, public taste in dances, songs, movies, night clubs, comic strips and radio programs—all are depicted from the vantage points of authorities on the individual topics.

Walter Yust has this to say in his introduction to Ten Eventful Years: "More than 800 men and women from forty-five countries of the world have collaborated in the production of these volumes—harmoniously and with mutual respect. This should be some faint indication that peaceful collaboration between different nationalities is possible in more important matters. These volumes do not constitute a completely objectified encyclopaedia of the times. The volumes *are* the times. Contributions to them by eminent scientists, politicians, lawyers, generals, statesmen, and men and women of many different interests are often expressions of opinion. It was believed by the editors and publishers of these books that they might very well be so, for out of such varying points of view—often disputed —was fashioned the character and significance of the decade. ". . . And," he continues, "No decade, perhaps, in the march of man is so rich in startling changes in physical and spiritual aspects of living heretofore commonly accepted as more or less permanent. Words and their meanings from the mouths and pens of often selfish, cynical and power-drunk men became weapons of unexpected malignancy. The decade witnessed active war, but also peace, which was no peace. It witnessed, too, great scientific achievements, great sacrifices, courage and faith. Although astronomical expenditures were made for war, more money and effort than ever before were expended to help the starving and the homeless of the world. In the four volumes are revealed the last ten years of nineteen hundred and forty-six years of the Christian era. One can see in this particular decade the pattern of all the other years which have gone before; and man's extraordinary progress seems to be only by the light of fallen cities. If his advances can be made," says Mr. Yust, "only through turmoil and pain, the decade must hold hope for and promise of a better way of life throughout the world."

There is an index in the front of Volume one of all the contributors, with the principal articles listed which were contributed by them. There is a page containing the calendars of those ten years. The illustrations alone are a valuable contribution to history. The

article on Education is written in part by Isaac Leon Kandel, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, and editor of Educational Yearbook; the article on education in Great Britain is written in part by Harold Collett Dent, Editor of The Times Educational Supplement, London, England. An article on the Heart and Heart Diseases by Paul D. White, M.D., Clinical Professor of Medicine, Harvard University School of Medicine; and physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital of Boston. Below each article in the four volumes, the bibliography for that article is given. There is a very complete index in the back of the fourth volume, giving the volume, page and section of the page on which any information may be found. The purpose of the books is to record events all over the world and in all fields which happened during these all important years; and I can think of no more valuable reference that might be found anywhere—an invaluable record of 1937-1946 set down at the time it was all happening; published by Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. The contributors in the various fields of interest, read like a Who's Who of the World.

* * *

And now because books are so popular for those occasions when one wishes to remember a friend with a gift, I am going to mention a few for children and one or two for grown-ups. I am not going to mention novels, but rather books which can be picked up in odd moments and which are always good to have on the table under the reading lamp. First of all for the children there are three little books whose very covers are worth the price of the book, with their bright reds and blues and greens. The books are published by Cross Publications of New York, and the books are written by Genevieve Cross. The illustrations are a delight to any eye, old or young. In two of the books the illustrations are in color and are by the author; in the third book they are by William C. Brigham and are both in color and some in black and white. For ages 3 to 8 there are the two stories, "The Engine That Lost Its Whistle" and "Fluff and the Fireman." In each of these books is included a little song for children, which has to do, of course, with the story in the book. "The Engine That Lost Its Whistle" rather interested me, because it's a story of an engine in the fruit belt of Michigan, and that is my home country. Engine Number 7 was a proud real engine in the late 1870's and truly did lose its whistle. The story is fascinatingly told for young listeners and children in first and second grades will find the words very easy to read, for the vocabulary has been carefully checked with popular primary word lists. The engines are all "wild with color" and have various expressions on their faces. The "Fluff and the Firemen" story is a gay little book filled with glorious color, lovable fluffy kittens and racing fire trucks, all combined into an exciting rescue story about Fluff. The rescue story might have happened in your own block sometime and will be greatly appreciated by the youngsters.

Now the third book and the latest to be published is for children of five to eleven years, and is called "The Little Heroes of Hartford," with 96 pages, and illustrations of Indians, Generals and early Colonial scenes minutely detailed in beautiful water colors and striking pen and ink drawings appearing on almost every page. Betsy and Ra-na-ta-non, who is a little Indian boy, are the little heroes of this story and they have an exciting secret with the Great General Washington in a fascinating story set in its actual his-

torical background at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1780. The story tells of a little known but most important incident in the Life of George Washington, and it is all woven into an exciting plot involving the lives of two children. What happens when they meet belongs of course to the author, and is fictional, but the setting for the story is accurate to the last detail, both in text and illustration.

Well, so much for the children. Now some of you may remember that about a year ago I reviewed the book "Peculiarities of the Presidents," by Don Smith, of Van Wert, Ohio, a very interesting book, and many people wrote me, asking about it and where they might secure a copy. Well, Don Smith has gotten out a fourth edition of his book and in it has included the years from 1933 right up through 1946, and this edition of course includes "Peculiarities" of Franklin Roosevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt and our present President, Mr. Truman. I thought the many listeners who were so interested in the first edition would like to know of this latest edition. . . .

Another type of book entirely, but one which I think will appeal to many people is a book of very short, pithy sayings, called "Thoughts to Live By." The format is very beautiful. Each saying occupies a page all by itself, like a framed picture or motto, and only one side of the page is used, which makes for a beautiful format. The author is J. A. Rosenkranz, founder and president of National Schools with headquarters in Los Angeles and branch schools in Latin America. Early in life he felt that even in America, far too many were under-privileged, poorly adjusted men and women, not only without an education, but totally unprepared for the demands of life. And he wanted to do something about it. He wanted to prepare such people for a constructive, productive life. Every step in his life from then forward was aimed at creating the means to render the help he felt necessary. Some years later he became one of the founders of the National Schools in Los Angeles, which institution today is recognized as one of the foremost in its field. After a great deal of study and research he created the Rosenkranz Foundation, a non-profit organization, which is interested in giving to those who deserve, a lift upward, the assistance he believes they need; and for which they have a scholarship award program. Well, the guiding principles of this book, "Thoughts to Live By," are those which have motivated the entire life of Mr. Rosenkranz, while rising from the obscurity of a poor immigrant to prominence as educator and humanitarian. The book is published by Abingdon-Cokesbury and is one of nine books written by this author. I am going to just open the book at one or two pages, to show you the type of thought it contains: On the dedication page are these words: "Dedicated to you in the hope that Thoughts to Live By like seeds planted in fertile soil will help you grow great in your service to others, and happy in the knowledge that through helping others you are rendering the greatest service to yourself. Here is one page: "Your education has been a failure—no matter how much it has done for your mind—if it has failed to open your heart." Another page: "Prejudice poisons our mind—hatred petrifies our heart." And again: "A house can be destroyed. A real home—never." I like this one: "When you are climbing be sure to help someone else up too. That may prove to be your best assurance that you will continue to stay up." And I mustn't give you the whole book in a review, but

here is a good one: "Why find so many bad excuses for yesterday's mistakes, when there are so many good reasons why we should do much better today."

There is another lovely gift book, "A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry," edited by Oscar Williams, which Scribner's published last year—an authoritative collection of the best poems written during the past fifty years.

Of course, speaking of gift books, I have written several books myself and might suggest for gifts "Meditations," "My Daily Strength" and "Mastering Fear," all of which may be secured at the best book stores and in book departments of the department stores.

P.B.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY**

ISN'T it nice to notice these days, late in the afternoon, that daylight lingers a trifle longer? It is particularly cheering now, while we are at the peak of the coldest weather we have had in two years, and the first month of the year is creeping along to its close.

Out of the Mail Bag comes such an inspiring letter I want everyone to read it, and I am going to give it to you at once. This comes from a very remarkable woman, whose wonderful spirit and great character shines forth between every line. Surely God guides and sustains her that she is spared to do this beautiful and useful work for Him. I never heard of or knew a woman of her age so inspired and able to do the vast amount of work she accomplishes. Truly it must be a benediction to know this woman! One's heart overflows with thanksgiving for the young people who come under her influence. There is no possible way to estimate the far-reaching amount of good she is doing. I know I have aroused your interest and you are anxious for perusal of the letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Is it too late to ask for a copy of the radio address you delivered last week, about Dr. Albert Schweitzer? I'd like one very much. I ought to have sent for it at once, but I wanted to write a letter with my request and this seems my first opportunity to do so. I meant to send for the one about 'The Apostle in the Wilderness' but I could not possibly write a letter at that time, so kept putting it off until it was too late.

"I have been deeply interested in Dr. Schweitzer's work for a long time; indeed his name has been on my prayer list for many years. It is not likely that I can afford the books you reviewed, but I may be able to get them into the public library. That would be better than simply owning them myself.

"Incidentally, your name, too, has been on my prayer list for a long time, because of the work you are doing. When you suggested writing a thank-you letter every day up to Thanksgiving, I'd have written one to you if it had been possible, not for anything you have done for me, though I enjoy your broadcasts and always listen to them if possible, but because of what you are doing to bring about a better under-

standing among different races and different creeds, and to help people to take a different attitude toward life, to do away with hate and worry and unkind criticism. There is so much need of the work you are doing.

"You may guess how deeply interested I am in tolerance, when I tell you that for twenty-two years I have been holding children's meetings at my home in the interest of world friendship, missions, and practical Christianity. I began the year after I retired from my work of teaching, after forty-two years in the schoolroom. At the first meeting, Nov. 20, 1925, I had twelve little girls. Now, at the age of eighty-five, I have nine groups each month, at my home, boys and girls from all the churches in the city, of different races as far as possible. We have very few representatives of other races in our little city, but I have one Negro and several Mexicans. Ninety-four different children were here last month and two of them came twice; forty in the three groups that met last week, children of the first five grades in school, usually from October through May. We play games of other lands, have a worship service, with an offering for the needy children of the world, which is made a definite act of worship, then stories of the boys and girls of other lands or of the minority groups of our own land, or sometimes of men and women who have lived for others. Next month I think I shall tell the older groups about Booker T. Washington, or possibly about Dr. Carver. It does not compare with what you are able to do, but one never knows what a seed dropped into the soil of a child's life may amount to. I think too, that playing the games the children of other races like to play, and becoming interested through stories in boys and girls of other races and creeds, learning of the conditions under which many of them have to live, and of the fine response so many make when opportunity comes their way—indeed the very act of meeting here and worshipping together, though they attend different churches, helps to do away with prejudice. Two years ago we were asked to furnish some Christmas gifts for the children connected with the Boston Medical Mission. Six girls met to wrap the gifts. Three were Methodists, the church under whose sponsorship I work, one was a Catholic, one a Free Methodist, and one a Seventh Day Adventist. Interdenominational cooperation in embryo!

"I seek by all possible means to make Jesus Christ real to the boys and girls, and avoiding all questions upon which denominations may differ, to lead them to see that God expects us to love Him and to love and help others, *all* others, regardless of their race, color, creed, or economic condition, that real happiness comes in no other way; that people who are always thinking of themselves are never really happy, no matter how much they manage to *get.*

"My opportunity with each child is so small as to seem almost useless, only an hour to an hour and a half seven or eight times in a whole year, but it does not take long to drop a seed. At any rate, I feel that the work is worth while or I should not be given strength, at my age, to do it. My motto is *'I can do anything God wants me to do,* and do it efficiently, whether it is humanly possible or not.' And I find it true. I am sure that God wants me to do this work, so I can do it, memorizing pages and pages of stories for the different age groups every month. I have never *read* a story to them. I couldn't now if I wanted to, for my eyesight is so poor that my reading is too slow for reading aloud. I live alone, have no near relatives, but I have many friends who are unbelievably

kind to me, and life is rich and full and satisfying, though it is not easy.

"During the summer I took care of quite a large garden, 45 by 60, with no help after the ground was prepared, and of a large quantity of fruit, canning 165 quarts of vegetables, fruits and fruit juices for winter use, doing the enormous amount of watering necessary during the August drought. In this work too, I claimed every day strength I did not have, for my income is small, so I needed those garden products, hence I felt sure God wanted me to do the work necessary to produce them.

"Several times I came to the point where it seemed my last ounce of strength was gone. If there was more that must be done before I could rest, I'd just say, 'Father, you see my strength is gone, but this work must be done. I believe You will give me strength to go on. Thank you.' Every time, within a few minutes, I'd find myself working *easily*. Sometimes I worked hard for two or three hours longer, and then came into the house *only normally tired*.

"I don't know why I've written you about all this. My letter is certainly not for reading over the radio. Somehow I've wanted for a long time to write it. Perhaps it is because I felt that you would be glad to know of someone who is doing in a very small way what you are doing in a much larger way, just as I rejoice in your work. Perhaps because I feel you will understand.

"I have made so many mistakes that I am ashamed of the letter, but there is no time to re-write it, so I'll send it along, and trust you to excuse them all. May God bless you in your work. Yours for the building of a better world.

Sincerely,
Carrie Knause."

Another letter Dr. Bradley was pleased to receive is from Thomas Curtis Clark (poet and publisher). You who listen to Dr. Bradley's broadcasts are familiar with that name for he often mentions him and uses many of Mr. Clark's own poems as well as those from his anthologies.

Mr. Clark had a birthday the other day, and knowing it would please him, Doctor phoned Mrs. Clark telling her he would offer his congratulations and greetings to her husband in the evening broadcast, and she promised to have him home early! The next day Doctor received the following friendly letter of "thanks" from Mr. Clark:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The 'event' of last evening gives me the opportunity to write the many letters I have wanted to write to you in the past few months —after hearing your sermons. I will write them all in one. One reason I have not written to you is the fact that I have had two new books in the making, my 23rd and 24th, and they have demanded continuous work. Both of these books, by the way, I am sure you will like. One, to be published in February by Cokesbury Press, is an anthology compiled by my son Robert and myself: *Poems for the Great Days*. This, of course, includes many of the poems you find in my other anthologies, but many new ones: 350 in all. The other book is a devotional volume which we here have been trying to get out for a year. Printer's troubles galore. It should be out in the fall. You may be sure your name will be at the top of the list for complimentary copies.

"But to return to the event. Mrs. Clark had not told me what was coming, but I noticed that she was anxious to have me home in time for your broadcast. We were both there, at the radio! I do appreciate the generous 'encomium' (no less) which you gave my work. As Mrs. Clark told your sec-

retary, we have both greatly appreciated the friendly support you have given my work through the years. I have no other such champion.

"One thing I have wanted to say to you is that I think the help you are continually giving to your hearers in the matter of their *personal* problems is fully as important as your pronouncements in behalf, not of a 'brave new world,' but of a fairly decent world—which we certainly do not have today. I can tell you that you have a very large congregation in Maywood, and most of them have problems in their lives and their homes which you are doing much to solve. Among your Maywood congregation is Mrs. Clark. My train gets me home just after you have begun speaking, and I always find her at the radio. More than anyone else you have been the Clarks' *pastor* for many years.

"I am not going to say what I am always saying to you: that I do not see how you do all the things you do. You must hear that often and it must have become trite. (But I am still somewhat amazed!)

"You will be interested in learning that our son Robert has been in Nuremberg since May. He is in charge of a group of translators for the war trials. He insists that he wants to remain in Europe, where he can use his languages—German, Spanish, French; and now he is learning Russian!

"Well, I have written a long letter, but for so long I have not written to you, and I wanted to say it all.

"I should add that at the close of your talk last night the telephone began ringing and it rang for more than an hour—with more congratulations. This morning Dr. Garrison came up with an enthusiastic greeting; he had heard you and liked what you said.

"Again, with many thanks and best wishes,

Cordially,
Thomas C. Clark."

* * *

With these two fine letters we will close the Mail Bag. Be sure to write! And

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

# CHANGE YOUR HIDEBOUND HABITS

Some people have developed an unhappy attitude toward life merely because they are in a rut. They have instituted a certain routine which has gained so strong a hold on them that it has affected their mental machinery. Anything foreign to that routine is regarded with suspicion. A man came to me not long ago with gloom written all over him, obviously the victim of such a narrow routine. I told him that he had lost his sense of proportion, that he needed to enlarge his outlook, adopt new interests. He looked horrified. I told him the best way to start was to change his appearance. His clothes were as drab as his life. He said he had never owned a derby, had never worn a colored shirt in his life. I said to him, "Go out and buy a derby and a blue shirt. Stop wearing this kind of suit. Get a bright necktie and buy yourself a plaid suit." He looked at me as though I had lost my mind. But a month later I met him and he was wearing a colored shirt, a gay tie and a plaid suit. It was not a personal fondness for vivid clothes that prompted my suggestion—just a desire to help him out of his rut.

He was actually laughing at the drab monotony of his old outlook. The new clothes had been a concrete illustration to him that he could change his habits without harm, and they opened the way to a new relish in life. He had experienced an emotional shock, which, while unimportant in itself, showed him that he could begin the discovery of a different technique for the making of a more expressive personality. A drastic change in conventional or hidebound habits may help to open for you a new vista toward mastering your life. If you have always done your hair one way, change the style. If you have always eaten roast beef on Sunday, ham on Tuesday and beans on Saturday, eat anything else on these days. And if you are a housewife, and perhaps do your own washing, and always do it on Monday, don't miss a picnic or some fun on a Monday because you must stay home Monday and do the washing. Just do the washing on Tuesday. The change may startle you out of the dreary and stultifying rule of schedule. Adherence to routine may be necessary and beneficial, but never permit yourself to be so dogged by it that you have no place for the unexpected in life.

P.B.

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# DID YOU BRING IN THE SHIP?

When a victory is won, we are inspired by the hardships that were endured and the obstacles that were overcome, but very often, while the outcome is in doubt, difficulties are exaggerated, and we seek excuses to justify our possible failure. It is only human nature to be willing to stop in the midst of any effort and explain what a tough job it is. And self-preservation prompts men to invent plausible alibis long before they are needed, in case of failure. But having these satisfactory excuses at hand may cause a doubting heart to give up when the going becomes difficult, while without those excuses, pride might drive one on to a stirring last-minute success.

In no other vocation are there quite the dangers which face those who follow the sea, and when ships are wrecked, the reasons for it are generally inevitable. Yet there is a very striking sign on the wall of the office of a great shipping corporation. Instead of asking "Was the sea too rough?" or "Was the wind too strong?" it merely asks—"DID YOU BRING IN THE SHIP?" That is a traditional question, and it forestalls excuses and explanations. It simply demands success. Perhaps that is the reason men exhaust every bit of strength, skill and courage, in order to be able to report: "Yes! We did bring in the ship!" It is true that out of difficulties grow miracles, for we do our best work in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. A regiment puts up its best fight when cut off from all retreat. No songs or orations are dilevered about regiments that win easy victories.

Epictetus, a former Greek slave, a cripple, lived and taught in Rome about sixteen hundred years ago. His wisdom was so great that the emperor and the humblest citizen alike sat at his feet to hear his sayings. One of these sayings which deserves to be treasured

in our memories is this: "Difficulties are things that show what men are: In case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror, and this cannot be without toil." P.B.

# BATHE YOUR SOUL IN BEAUTY

A friend once wrote to John Oxenham, one of the great poets of this age, and asked him to tell him the story of how he happened to write one of his most beautiful poems. Mr. Oxenham told of receiving from the war department a message—a message about his own son, and it read, "killed in action." Stricken, saddened, hardly knowing what to do, barely knowing where he went, he came at last to a little London chapel. He went in. There in its semi-darkness he sat, until a great peace came into his soul and he felt that indescribable peace — the peace which passeth all understanding—which is the inevitable experience of those who seek the sustenance and strength of the eternal; and while there, seated in this little London church, John Oxenham wrote these lines: " 'Mid all the traffic of the ways —Turmoils without, within,—Make in my heart a quiet place—And come and dwell therein.—A little shrine of quietness,—All sacred to thyself— Where thou shalt all my soul possess— And I may find myself."

To all who may be living in the midst of tumult and confusion, chaos and noise, and clatter and clamor, it is well to seek occasionally a quiet room, perhaps in our homes, or some little undisturbed corner somewhere, or under the shadow of a hill, or in some quiet cathedral or church, where we may go for a few minutes and feed our souls. It doesn't matter what church; it doesn't matter whether we belong to the church or not; it doesn't matter what our respective beliefs may be about this religion or that. The fact of the matter is, that each of us needs as we never needed it before, the quiet contemplation, retrospection, that brings the strength of that which is beyond ourselves. We cannot live as effectively and adequately by activity and constant movement, without ultimate impairment of our highest and best faculties. So find a quiet place—in your own home—or in a church—your favorite room at the Art Institute,—wherever it is, sit down rather often and bathe your soul in beauty and quiet grandeur—and there find strength for your soul.

P.B.

Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us, in his poem, "In the Woods":

"Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome.
But when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so lonely shines,
I laugh at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist's schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the woods with God can meet?"

# THE VOICE OF REPRESSED GOOD

The other evening after an address I had been giving, a man whom I know and had been trying to help out of some problems and difficulties, said to me: "Dr. Bradley, I am trying very hard to be good." Dr. Fosdick once said, Multitudes of people are very tired of trying to be good. They often wish they were good, but it requires such strenuous endeavor that they cannot stand the strain. If only there were some way of being spontaneously at one's best, as water runs downhill. But we know if, as farmers, we let the crops go, we get weeds, but if we want wheat, we have to work hard. So moral excellence is all too rare—not so much because folk question its desirability, as because they keenly feel its difficulty. Easy to get moral weeds; hard to get moral wheat. We get self-denial, going or coming. The question is simply where we will deny. The low life for the high or the high life for the low. Diamonds for dust or dust for diamonds. Far better to give up bad temper for the sake of having friends, than to give up friends for the sake of having bad temper. Far better to surrender shady practices in business, to keep honor and peace of mind, than to surrender honor and peace of mind in favor of shady practices in business.

One of the finest of our psychologists and one who belongs distinctly in the category of authority in the evolving and ever-developing field of psychology, gave a definition of conscience that I think has a direct relation to this effort of living. He said, "Conscience is the voice of the repressed good." What an entirely different picture this gives us. Some of our trouble may be because we are repressing the good that we would do. We have an opportunity to say a word that might be helpful, to do something that might assist someone over a hard spot, to edge up until we are able to carry on our own shoulders a part of the burden which another is carrying, and there are a thousand opportunities that come to many people every day, and yet are repressed. We would find it, I am sure, not half so difficult to be good, if we would give full expression and full sweep to our own impulses toward fineness and goodness.

P.B.

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# CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

## PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

**Lawrence at Sheridan**

**36th Season**

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall. Classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday, February 13th, Church School Valentine Party and Square Dance, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.) Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall), Monday, Feb. 2nd, meeting in charge of Art Dept., Mrs. Fred Masten, Chrmn. Art Class Demonstration by Emma Sangernebo, nationally known portrait painter and sculptress. Music by Flute Trio, Joan Marshall, Mardi Lerner and Frank Stolfa. Hostesses: Mrs. G. A. Schweizer and Mrs. H. L. Huckins ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Feb. 16th, Anderson Hall, Annual Birthday party and reception to New Members. Mrs. Frank Bryan, Chrmn. Mrs. Wm. Emrich, Co-Chairman. Music by Reid Hillyard, Basso and Walter Flandorf, Pianist ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 1st, Education Department in charge. Mrs. J. M. Hamm, Chrmn. Book Review by Grace Leeman Siegert, Pres. Chicago Woman's Musical Club; Musical Variety, Joan and Bill (Joan Price Mehaffey—Bill Simpson). Hostesses: Mrs. Wm. Emrich and Mrs. J. J. Wayland..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meetings in Anderson Hall) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, February 10th, Home Forum on "Influence of the Soong Family on China." Miss Grace Rozanski, Forum Chrmn. Participants: Mrs. Alice Pearson, Miss Mary Nordstrom, Miss Grace Rozanski and the Honorary President, Mrs. Preston Bradley. Refreshments. Public invited. Open Meeting.

Tuesday, February 24th. Community singing led by Mr. Harry Perry and Mr. Frank Spamer of the Men's Club. "A Foretaste of Spring Millinery" to be judged by three prominent members of the Men's Club. Miss Gertrude Kruskopf and Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Chrmn.

MEN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Monday)..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall.... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Prof. and Business Woman's Club..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF CHURCH SCHOOL. Meets second Monday of each month. Anderson Hall. February meeting, February 9th. Mrs. Mike G. Kanzer, Sec. 1058 Glenlake Ave..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month. Anderson Hall. February meetings, Feb. 6th and 20th. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec. 4608 Hazel Ave., Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh St. Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. For complete schedule see p. 23.

### DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

# UPTOWN PLAYERS

**1149 N. LaSalle St.**

Michigan 7766

**J. Bradley-Griffin, Director**

January Production

"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST"

Directed by J. Bradley-Griffin

(This play was seen on the professional stage earlier in the season at the Erlanger Theatre. The same family that was portrayed in The Little Foxes is here seen when they were all young people.)

Saturday, February 7
Saturday, February 14 } 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, February 21

Sunday, February 8 — Matinee at 3:00

Eleventh Street Theatre

62 E. Eleventh St.

* * *

DRAMA TEA

Sunday, February 1 — Anderson Hall, 4 p.m.

Two One-Act Plays

Directed by

The Uptown Players

Guest Artist

Phyllis Fergus Hoyt

Well known writer of more than 200 published musical compositions

* * *

AUDITIONS

Sunday, February 15 — Players Studios, 4 p.m.

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